A Journey of Healing: Seeking Treatment in Different Places in 2013.

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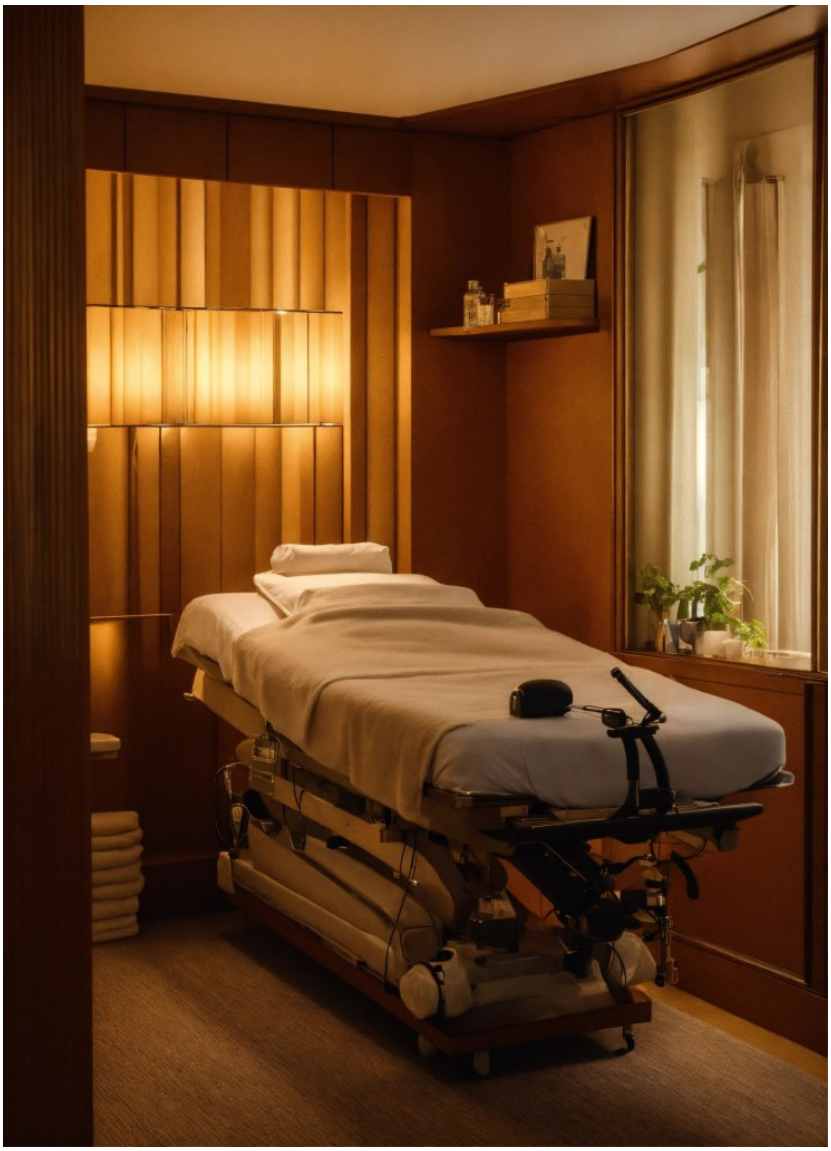
During my childhood, I underwent various treatments and therapies for my condition. One of the treatments took place in a Kerala hospital called “Navathaniyam,” where my mother and I stayed for about 15-20 days. We had our own room on the terrace and enjoyed delicious Kerala cuisine, such as Kola puttu and kuruma. I vividly remember the mango season during that time. Despite being a treatment, it felt more like a vacation to me.

I also had treatments in Anthra and Karnataka, where I visited popular tourist attractions like the Mysore zoo and palace. My parents even took me to an ashram in Andhra Pradesh, hoping for a cure. These treatments took a toll on my parents’ savings, as they spared no effort to find a solution for my condition.



In Salem, I underwent a month of treatment when my mother was 8-9 months pregnant. My grandfather accompanied us, and I used to travel to the hospital on a cycle with his assistance. The treatment included acupuncture, Ayurveda, Siddha, and various exercises. I received exercises from doctors and had the support of people like Sangeetha Akka and Raju Anna.

There were times when my parents heard about new treatments or doctors, and they would take me there in hopes of finding a cure. However, I came to realize that no treatment could completely heal me. I learned to rely on my prayers and accepted that my ability to walk depended on a higher power. It was difficult for me to bear the burden my parents endured because of me.

One of the most significant treatments I underwent was a stem cell operation when I was in fifth grade. The procedure lasted five days and cost my parents one and a half lakhs. It was performed for research purposes at a hospital in Chennai. The entire process included full-body check-ups, observation, and the stem cell procedure itself. During that time, I encountered other patients, including a 25-year-old American software engineer who suffered a neck injury and a 21-year-old Indian who injured his spine.

I remember feeling scared and crying during the tests and procedures. I was too young to fully comprehend everything that was happening. My brother, who was undergoing his own operation, comforted me and encouraged me to be brave. The operation day was particularly emotional, with my parents comforting me before I went under anesthesia.

When I woke up, I found myself in the ICU, hooked up to various monitors and receiving IV drips. Nurses and ward boys attended to me, explaining the equipment and ensuring my well-being. I was in pain during the nights and found comfort in the presence of my

parents. Eventually, I was transferred to the regular ward, where I had to lie straight without turning. Despite the challenges and pain, I was eventually discharged from the hospital.

During my journey back home, the mother of the American patient blessed me and gifted me a hand mirror, which I still have to this day. The experience of flying from Chennai to Hosur in an AC Deluxe Bus was also memorable for me. These treatments and hospital stays formed significant chapters in my life, and I carry the memories with me.